

Watch for Mysterious Mr. Raffles—Worth \$100 to You

My Ninth Day's Adventures

By the Mysterious Mr. Raffles.

Here is where I record an eventful day's proceedings. Yesterday I had the time of my life—and all within a half-dozen hours at that.

Hardly anybody else the other evening the reason why I had not been captured was because I knew enough to remain close inside New York.

It was also intimated that should I ever be so foolish as to wander into any of the smaller towns about New York my end would be swift and sudden. That is, I would be captured, and somebody would get the hundred.

Besides, several people living around about New York have written me letters daring me to visit their towns. That is why I went out to Paterson yesterday afternoon; also to Newark and to Jersey City. And several people certainly missed scooping in that \$100 prize offered by The Evening World for my capture.

If you happen to have any doubts as to whether I was really there ask Chief of Police Bimson, of Paterson; Chief of Police Murphy, of Jersey City, or Policeman No. 135, of Newark. They will all have to acknowledge that the buck is up to them. They all talked with me; each had a good straight look at me, and help—none failed to recognize the Mysterious Mr. Raffles.

All Missed That \$100.

When challenges reach me from certain localities I naturally think the quickest way of settling matters is by presenting myself to the police, and if I am not recognized what is the use of my going any further?

But the citizen sleuths ought to have a whack at this game, and the next time I go out of town I'll devote my energies to cultivating those who may, after all, be more likely to catch me.

However, when you start to catch me you want to figure out the sort of chances I take when I actually talk with such well known police officials as Chief Murphy of Jersey City, and Bimson of Paterson and then walk out of their offices without even so much as giving them an inkling that they had been talking with the Mysterious Mr. Raffles.

When I entered Police Headquarters on the lower

WHERE RAFFLES WENT AND WHOM HE SAW YESTERDAY.

Started from Fourteenth street and Broadway at 10 o'clock.

Across Fourteenth street, down west side of Fourth avenue and the Bowery to Chatham Square; east side of the Bowery to Cooper Union fountain, arriving at 11.10.

South on Bowery, east side, to Canal street, to Broadway, to Vesey street, to West Broadway.

Luncheon at Smith & McNeill's.

Started for Newark at 12.40.

Talked with Officer No. 135, of Newark.

Talked with Chief of Police Bimson, of Paterson, at 3.35.

Talked with Jersey City policeman No. 201 at 4.45.

Talked with Chief of Police Murphy, of Jersey City, at 5.10.

floor of the City Hall in Paterson, at 3.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon five policemen, in citizens' clothes, sat at tables playing pinochle. Beyond this there was nothing doing. Behind the railing sat a detective-sergeant in his shirt sleeves smoking a pipe.

Couldn't Find Mr. Mellon.

In answer to my inquiry as to whether he knew anything of the reported disappearance of one James Mellon, who, I explained, was a traveling salesman, alleged to have met with foul play in Paterson, the sergeant replied that he had never heard tell of Mr. Mellon.

"But," he added, "you might go in and ask Detective Gail. He has charge of all those cases, and if anybody knows anything about it he does."

Starting for the office of Detective Gail—funny name that for a copper, isn't it?—I walked again past the pinochle players, only to find that Detective Gail was

The Mysterious Mr. Raffles.



Study His Face Carefully.

THIS is the mysterious Mr. Raffles whose photograph appears daily in The Evening World. He is walking, undisguised, about Greater New York. If you see him say: "YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS MR. RAFFLES OF THE EVENING WORLD." He will admit his identity and accompany you to the business office of The World, where you will receive \$100 reward for capturing him.

MAY MANTON'S Daily Fashions

The suspender dress has proved itself a success and is in the very height of style. In the illustration is shown one of the very best of the many models that have been offered and which is in every way graceful and becoming. The skirt itself is cut in princess style, being extended above the waist line to form the bodice, and is particularly effective made of heavy linen in which it is shown, of pique, of flannel and of all similar materials.

The suspender or bretelles are made in two portions each and are simply finished with stitched edges, then held to position by means of ornamental buttons. The skirt can be worn with any form of gump or velvet that may be preferred, net, muslin and the like being used for the bodice and around the waist for the pique or flannel.

A fish kettle which has a perforated tray swinging above the bottom and a close cover.

Asbestos mats to place under her pots and kettles, and save her tables; also asbestos iron holders.

Orange Date Jelly—Place in a pan a pint and a half of cold water, adding the juice of one lemon, the grated rind of two oranges, a stick of cinnamon, half a dozen dates and a little grated nutmeg; allow this to simmer on the back of the fire for fifteen minutes after it begins to boil, then add one ounce of gelatine that has been soaked for ten minutes in a half-gallon of sweet oil, together with a large cup of sugar and the juice of two oranges. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved, add then strain into a large bowl. Mix one-quarter and date halves with a little of the hardened jelly in the bottom and around the sides of a mould, set directly on a glass dish, surrounded with a border of sweetened ice, adding gradually more and more fruit. Unmould on whipped cream, sprinkled with minced candied fruits.

Veal a la Jardiniere—Lard with salt pork, and sprinkle with neglige, dredge with flour and lay on the griddle of a covered roaster; add enough boiling water to cover it barely, and roast for an hour, basting with the gravy every ten or fifteen minutes. Then turn on the other side and spread over the roast a pint of tomatoes peeled and sliced, two onions chopped fine, two sprigs of parsley chopped fine and two peppers. Baste for another hour every ten minutes. When the meat is removed keep hot while you take up the vegetables with a split spoon, and keep them hot also. Strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, and put into a boat. Lay the vegetables about the meat upon a metal or fireproof dish, dredge this with browned crumbs, and dot with softened butter. Set upon the top grating of the water, and broil for five minutes, and bring to the table in the dish.

Fishing boats laden with their scalpy prizes are seen constantly entering the port. Every wharf and roof along the water front is thickly covered with codfish drying in the sun; the air is replete with the odor of codfish; the talk of everybody is about codfish; the main business of the place concerns codfish. As Amsterdam was said to be built upon herring bones, St. John's may be said to have been built upon codfish. This is the staple product of the town, and it exports about \$2,000,000 worth of it annually. So conspicuous a place has it in the island's affairs that a special division of the Supreme Court declares "fish" to mean "cod" alone, and at the hotel, if you intend to eat codfish, but not "fish," they will serve you cod.

There are articles written by women, for women, in the famous Diamond Dyes. It is certain that when you have read these articles and see the results you will want to dye your clothes. Send for my new book, "Diamond Dyes," which contains all the latest and best of dyed cloth that go with it. Send for it free. Address: DIAMOND DYES, Burlington, Vt.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Enclose 10 cents in coin or stamps for each Pattern ordered, and address: Evening World May Manton Fashions, 111 Nassau street, New York City. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify article wanted.

King Codfish. TO the visitor, St. John's, Newfoundland, must appeal because of its unique aspect. Here can be seen the ancient fish cart and modern street car, the lowly fishing station and imposing department store, the tallow candle and the electric light. The very entrance to the harbor, says the Four Track News, is framed with fish "scales," made composed of wooden slabs set on platforms of poles near the water's edge, where the curing of cod taken from the ocean beyond is carried on as it was generations ago.

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best. Venturing to disturb one of the card players, I asked kindly if any one could tell me where I might find him.

"Ah, you'll find him somewhere down Washington street," was the answer I received from one.

Leaving the City Hall I walked over on Market street, where I ran into Detective-Sergeant Gail and his partner, Detective-Sergeant Leno. They were evidently pretty busy, for they were right by, just as though they had never laid eyes on the Bowery, which, as a matter of fact, I have talked with both men on several occasions.

Being taken to City Hall I asked the acting sergeant if the Chief was in, and he told me to go down to the end door and knock three times.

Chief Missed Reward.

Chief Bimson sat at his desk in his shirt sleeves reading a paper when I opened his office door.

As an introduction I explained that I was a New York newspaper man looking for a story concerning the mysterious disappearance of James Mellon, who has not been heard from for three days.

Chief Bimson stroked his chin reflectively a moment before he repeated "Mellon, Mellon—let's see, where have I heard that name before?" And then looking at me as though he had suddenly recalled something he asked, "How old was he?"

"Thirty-five years, next month," I answered.

"Oh, well, that settles that end of it," answered Chief Bimson. "I was thinking of a fellow who committed suicide out here three weeks ago. His name was Mellon."

I talked for fully five minutes with Chief Bimson and then left the City Hall and Police Headquarters satisfied that my chances for getting captured were becoming worse every minute.

At the Erie Railroad station I asked Policeman No. 79 the name of the acting sergeant whom I had first addressed at Police Headquarters, but No. 79 declared that he didn't know. "Because," said he, "there is no regular sergeant on duty today, and I guess it must have been one of the street sergeants who was just 'settin' in.'"

Murphy Lost a Chance.

In Jersey City I walked into Police Headquarters, asked the captain on the first floor where I could find Chief of Police Murphy; I was told that he was on the second floor; I went there and asked the sergeant in charge if I could see the Chief, and was admitted to his presence.

Relating practically the same yarn to Chief Murphy as I had to Chief Bimson, after explaining that I was a New York newspaper man, I soon had the Jersey City Chief sufficiently interested to begin a search of his blotter in an effort to help me out.

"How long has this man Mellon been missing?" asked Chief Murphy.

"About three days," I answered.

"I'll let me see," thoughtfully, and then, having a bright idea, he added, "Wait a minute till I take a look at the blotter." He then went into another room, and shaking his head, saying, "Sorry, my boy, but I can't help you out; we haven't any record of any James Mellon missing over here."

Now can you tell me why Chief of Police Murphy did not recognize the Mysterious Mr. Raffles?

Didn't Know Mr. Raffles.

In Newark it was just the same way. Police Officer No. 135 stood at Market and Broad streets, and for the greater part of five minutes explained to me the easiest way of getting from Newark to Paterson.

"You can take a trolley over," said No. 135; "that will take you an hour and a half; or you can go down to the Erie depot and take a train that will get you there in half an hour."

To be sure I would not make any mistake No. 135 guided me across to the Erie ticket office on Market street, where a young man in a pink and white shirt told me I could get a train at 2.25 for Paterson.

"You go down there to Mulberry street and get a car," said No. 135, "and you will be landed right at the Erie depot."

I walked around Newark for half an hour, visited the Post-Office, where I mailed a letter, and then waited ten minutes in the doorway of Murray's cafe, on Market street, during the rainstorm. And no one in either Paterson, Newark or Jersey City recognized the Mysterious Mr. Raffles. So much for taking chances out of town.

I put in an hour and a half on the Bowery in the morning, thinking that some bright sleuth might pick me up, but I escaped, and that hundred still remains unpaid.

My starting point was at Fourteenth street and Broadway at 10 o'clock. I walked down to Fourth avenue and then south on that street to the Bowery, down which I continued slowly to Chatham Square.

Bowery Had Opportunity.

Leaving Chatham Square at 10.45 I walked north on

the east side of the Bowery to Cooper Union, and then south on the west side of the Bowery as far as Canal street.

About every other man and woman I passed along the Bowery was evidently on the lookout for the Mysterious Mr. Raffles, but somehow or other they all managed to pass me by. Walking west on Grand street to Broadway, then turning south to Vesey street, then west to West Broadway, I went in and had lunch at Smith & McNeill's, after which I took the 12.40 ferry to Communipaw, where I started for Newark. I rode across on the ferry-boat, and caught the 1.10 train.

In Newark I walked down Broad street to the Post-Office, then back to Market street, where I met Officer No. 135; walked over to the Erie ticket office on Market street, and then stopped at Murray's cafe. Leaving there at 2.10, I walked to Mulberry street, where I jumped on car No. 387 and on the way to the depot talked with conductor No. 4023.

Reaching Paterson at 3.15 I walked down Market street as far as the City Hall, then down Washington street two blocks, then returned to the City Hall, and then back to the railroad station, where I caught an express train for the Pavonia ferry at 4.15 o'clock.

Tup, Please Meet Me.

At Pavonia ferry I asked policeman No. 201, of the Jersey City force, how far it was to Police Headquarters, and he told me two miles and a half.

"Take a car marked 'Erie,' said No. 201, 'that will leave you off right in front of the door.' I left Jersey City by way of the Twenty-third street ferry at 6 o'clock.

"Tup" Murray is in town I would like him to meet me to-day at the corner of Tenth street and Broadway at 12.30 o'clock.

If there is a crowd, there, Tup, stand in a doorway until I locate you.

The Mysterious Mr. Raffles is still at large. I will be on Broadway to-day, and if you don't capture me it will not be my fault.

A Self-Inflicted Kicking.

I AM wearing indentations in the bottom of my pants from a self-inflicted kicking of a leather-covered dance. And I dub myself a lobster and an empty-nated chump who should seek a pier at midnight for a suicidal jump. Just a hundred solid dollars through my stupid fingers slipped.

Just a hundred needed plunkies I could easily have gripped—O! of vicarious nature the anathema I've hurled At Mysterious Mr. Raffles of The Evening World!

When I started out to find him I'd a bosom full of hope. From my inborn sleuthing instinct I had got the proper dope. And I felt if I should meet him, though my eyes were blind as clay.

I could feel the fellow's presence in instinctive sort of way. Rubbed pointed at the pavements till my feet were paralyzed, Rubbernecked until the rubber was with cramping vulcanized.

Stared in faces by the thousands till my brain with staring whirled. For the wily Mr. Raffles of The Evening World.

In the Union Square I squatted on a bench for needed rest. And I told a fellow-sleuth of my long and fruitless quest; Told him of my mad ambition to see him, and that I was sure would catch the running fellow in the early by and by. And the words he spoke unto me were encouraging, indeed. Said by using perseverance I'd soon have the dodger tread. And he hoped that the earth again upon its axis whirled. He would hear I'd captured Raffles of The Evening World.

In the lexicon I'm using there is no such word as "Fail." And the next day I went noting the mysterious fellow's trail.

And the kicking I've referred to in this jingle was begun As I read the last edition at the setting of the sun. Into shreds I tore that paper of the lurid crimson tint. Saying things I'd never offer to the editor to print—He who'd shared the park seat with me when my story I was Mysterious Mr. Raffles of The Evening World.

WAS Mysterious Mr. Raffles of The Evening World. BARTON.

Mr. Raffles Answers Correspondents.

MRS. G. W. S.—You are quite positive you have seen the Mysterious Mr. Raffles. However, you are mistaken, for I think that you will agree that it would be suicidal for me to talk with a friend on Broadway. He, too, would claim the \$100 reward. Try again.

H. J. HUBER—All right. Keep your eyes wide open. The chances are that I will be around in your neighborhood in a day or two.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

THIS is the caution applied to the public announcement of Castoria that has been manufactured under the supervision of Chas. H. Fletcher for over 30 years—the genuine Castoria. We respectfully call the attention of fathers and mothers when purchasing Castoria to see that the wrapper bears his signature in black. When the wrapper is removed the same signature appears on both sides of the bottle in red. Parents who have used Castoria for their little ones in the past years need no warning against counterfeiters and imitations, but our present duty is to call the attention of the younger generation to the great danger of introducing into their families spurious medicines.

It is to be regretted that there are people who are now engaged in the nefarious business of putting up and selling all sorts of substitutes, or what should more properly be termed counterfeiters, for medicinal preparations not only for adults, but worse yet, for children's medicines. It therefore devolves on the mother to scrutinize closely what she gives her child. Adults can do that for themselves, but the child has to rely on

the mother's watchfulness. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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